Only a Song.

a simple ballad,
[illegible]less throng;
[illegible] that knew the singer,
[illegible] heeded the song;
[illegible] voice was tender,
[illegible]s with love untold;
[illegible] hearts were hardened,
[illegible] so proud and cold.

[illegible] the wondrous glory
[illegible] the woods in spring,
[illegible] soul-stirring voices
[illegible] the hills break forth and sing,"
[illegible] birds low warbling
[illegible] requiem of the day,
[illegible] hush of the valleys
[illegible] dusk of the gloaming gray.

[illegible] in a distant corner,
[illegible], worn with strife,
[illegible] that song a message
[illegible] the spring-time of her life;
[illegible] came rose up before her,
[illegible] the midst of vanished years;
[illegible] a happy blindness,
[illegible] eyes were veiled in tears.

[illegible] when the song was ended,
[illegible] hushed the last sweet tone,
[illegible] she rose up softly
[illegible] went on her way alone.
[illegible] more to her life of labor
[illegible]ressed; but her heart was strong;
[illegible] prayed, "God bless the singer!
[illegible] thank God for the song!"

—*Florence Tyler.*

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. William Winter is writing a life of Mr. Lawrence Barrett. A memoir of the late John McCullough is also being prepared by the gentleman who formerly acted as Mr. McCullough's legal adviser.

The sales of "Valentino," Mr. Astor's absorbing romance, have been very large since its issue. Messrs. Scribner's Sons, are now preparing a third addition of the work. Its success was immediate, as it was remarkable, and it is to be hoped the author will not lay down his pen, satisfied with his laurels, but will give us something equally as good in the coming year.

Count Tolstoi's notable work, "My Religion," published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., and which has received such flattering reviews from the press, has passed into a second edition. It is said that this work was entirely translated from the French, printed and published in less than three weeks from the time that a copy of the French edition of the work reached the American publishers.

—The announcement of a novel from the pen of Mr. William Allen Butler will be received with pleasure by a large circle of the admirers of the author of "Nothing to Wear." Very little, practically nothing, is yet known of the scope of Mr. Butler's new work except that it is said to fulfill the highest anticipations which can be formed regarding it, and that it is to be issued through the Scribners, who have commenced the printing of the first pages of the book.

—Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's new novel was published by the Scribners on Tuesday of this week. The title of the story is "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," and it is represented as a thrilling tale, embodying the strangest and most original conception. It will be found, say the publishers, a genuine surprise to even the most satiated reader. The new story is issued both in cloth and paper editions.

—Professor Edward S. Morse, the leading Japanese scholar of the day, has written an important work on "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings," and profusely illustrated his text with his own drawings. As professor of zoology for several years in the University of Tokio the author had unusual facilities for studying this remarkable people in their own homes, a privilege still very charily granted foreigners. The art of Japan is just now a subject of special study and wonder, and the peculiar beauties of its architecture are made clear to mind and eye in this volume. Another very handsome descriptive volume is the account of "Korea, the Land of the Morning Calm," by Percival Lowell, who availed himself conscientiously of his favored opportunities for studying the land and the people, and is well fitted to describe what he saw. The book is illustrated with pictures taken from photographs. Ticknor & Co.

Funk & Wagnalls have published an exhaustive "Library of Religious Poetry," edited by Schaff and Arthur Gilman, thoroughly revised, and have added poems that bring the dates down to the end of 1884. To those who have seen this treasury of the musical, religious thoughts of the good and wise of all ages this remarkable book needs no weak, technical word of praise. Poems of every age and every land have been translated by our best singers, when necessary, and the finest poems of the English tongue have been added also. The division and plan is systematic, historical and progressive, and the taste shown in choice, perfect, as goes without saying when done under the direction of a scholar and critic like Philip Schaff, assisted by an expert historian like Arthur Gilman.

—Rebecca McConkey, of Baltimore, gives, through the pens of Funk & Wagnalls, "The Hero of Cowpens." The book consists of pen portraits of our Revolutionary heroes and mock-heroes. The author argues, and her arguments are based upon careful consultation of all our standard authorities, that Benedict Arnold was not a great general; that he performed no essential or valuable service during our Revolutionary struggle, that he appropriated the laurels fairly won by Daniel Morgan, and has worn them for a hundred years. The volume aims to purge away old errors and identify the real heroes with their brave deeds. General Grant's testimony to the worth of "The Hero of Cowpens" is in these words: "I have read this book with very great interest. It gave me a clearer insight into the battle of Cowpens than anything I had read before, and a clearer view of the early perfidy of Arnold than anything I had yet seen. The whole book interested me."

—"Bric-a-Brac Stories," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, of Orange, is a book of palatable and wholesome reading in no way inferior to the author's former productions. It is a volume that every boy and every girl ought to own. Three hundred pages, between attractive covers, contain almost a score of folk-tales of different nations; there are also twenty-four charming pen and ink illustrations by Walter Crane. A fascinating introduction and *finale* to to the go-betweens is found in "Regi's Own Story" that occupies the first chapter and the last. There are Greek myths, together with legends and bits of fairy-love from the Orient and from continental Europe; nor is Great Britain omitted: Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.00.

—Persons who read "Rudder Grange" when it appeared ten years ago in "Scribner's Monthly" will now re-read with fresh delight, if they secure one of the new editions of Mr. Stockton's book, because of the droll and apt one-hundred interpretations on wood, that Mr. Arthur R. Frost has added thereto. To mention "Rudder Grange" in the old days was to excite a laugh, and to call forth the remark: "but it is funny." With this new volume comes the exclamation;—"it is rich—the pictures are inimitable," and like observations. "The canal-boat," we are told, "was suggested by a stranded boat in the Harlem River, long occupied, (and perhaps yet) by the proprietor of an oyster bank. This boat was divided into rooms, very comfortably fitted and furnished. Here dwelt, in apparent happiness, quite a family, and the odd style of living put the canal-boat idea of a home into the authors mind 'Pomona' was drawn, as a girl, from a very young servant. "She was," says Mr. Stockton, "very like Pomona, had her romantic ideas and was in the habit of reading aloud in the evenings as is described in the book. When, however, she grew up in the story she became entirely imaginary. With this exception alone none of the characters are drawn from life, although some of them are suggested in part by real personages." Mr. Stockton's story "Our Tavern" was suggested by two old inns in much the same way; one was in the Catskill Mountains, and the other in Rancocas, New Jersey. So completely do Mr. Frost's illustrations in "Rudder Grange," supplement Mr. Stockton's words, that one might almost interpret the story without reading the text. What higher meed of praise can be given to the artist? Mr. Stockton's most ambitious work in fiction is soon to be brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons, who have the manuscript of the novel in hand and will publish it without its preliminary appearance in any magazine. Considerable is expected of this latest work from Mr. Stockton's pen, and as it is the first long novel written by the popular story teller, it will scarcely need search for a wide constituency of readers. Many new efforts of his pen will be printed during 1886 in the "Century Magazine." In the January number appears a story of life in Old Virginia, entitled "The Clover-fields Carriage;" in the February number will be printed a short novelette; it will bear the characteristic name of "A Borrowed Mouth."

—The popularity of "Sweet Cicely,' by Miss Marietta Holley, familiarly known as "Josiah Allen's Wife," cannot be questioned when it is realized that the first edition, of five thousand copies, was sold before its publication; that a second edition was put to press before the first was ready; and that the book has already reached its twentieth edition. One chief cause of Miss Holley's success, as a writer, is that she forms a deep attachment for the various characters in her books. "Cicely," the heroine of her last work, she says, "is as real a personage to her as a child is to its mother." It is the universal verdict that, in "Sweet Cicely," Miss Holley has eclipsed all the former efforts of her pen. A high moral tone pervades the entire book, and its tendency is to influence towards the pure and the good. There is a world of plain truths discovered through the medium of adroit humor, keen irony, exquisite drollery, and touching pathos. A realization of the ridiculous will at one moment produce a smile that eventually developes into a hearty laugh, and the next instant a tenderness of expression will create pity and tears. Senator Henry W. Blair writes from Washington:—"I have read "Sweet Cicely" with very great interest, as, in fact, I read everything from the pen of Josiah Allen's Wife, just as soon as I can get it. I have often thought when wearied out with grave and exhausting labors that one great reason why I wanted to live, in fact, why I continue to live, is, that Miss Holley writes a book occasionally and that I read it and keep on reading the old ones until a new one comes. Her works are full of wit and humor, and yet are among the most logical, eloquent, pathetic and instructive productions of our time in the discussion of the great questions of temperance and woman suffrage, which seem to me to be the really leading ones affecting the social condition. I think "Sweet Cicely" is the best of all her works. I sincerely wish that every person in the country would read it." The book is strikingly illustrated by more than one hundred pictures, the same cut appearing upon pages thirty-three and three-hundred and sixty-six. The publishers, Funk & Wagnolls, have done themselves credit in the general appearance and typography of the book. $2.00.

MY LADY'S MONEY

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG GIRL

PART THE FIRST.

THE DISAPPEARANCE.

CHAPTER I.

LD Lady Lydiard sat meditating by the fireside, with three letters lying open on her lap. Time had discolored the paper and had turned the ink to a brownish hue. The letters were all addressed to the same person—"The Right Hon. Lord Lydiard"—and were all signed in the same way—"Your affectionate cousin, James Tollmidge." Judged by these specimens of his correspondence, Mr. Tollmidge must have possessed one great merit as a letter-writer—the merit of brevity. He will weary nobody's patience, if he is allowed to have a hearing. Let him, therefore, be permitted, in his own highflown way, to speak for himself.

First letter: "My statement, as your lordship requests, shall be short and to the point. I was doing very well as a portrait painter in the country, and I had a wife and children to consider. Under these circumstances, if I had been left to decide for myself, I should certainly have waited until I had saved a little money before I ventured on the serious expense of taking a house and studio at the west end of London. Your lordship, I positively declare, encouraged me to try the experiment without waiting. And here I am, unknown and unemployed, a helpless artist, lost in London, with a sick wife and hungry children and bankruptcy staring me in the face. On whose shoulders does this dreadful responsibility rest? On your lordship's!"

Second letter: "After a week's delay you favor me, my lord, with a curt reply. I can be equally curt on my side. I indignantly deny that I or my wife have ever presumed to use your lordship's name as a means of recommendation to sitters without your permission. Some enemy has slandered us. I claim, as my right, to know the name of that enemy."

Third (and last) letter: "Another week has passed and not a word of answer has reached me from your lordship. It matters little. I have employed the interval in making inquiries, and I have at last discovered the hostile influence which has estranged you from me. I have been, it seems, so unfortunate as to offend Lady Lydiard (how, I can not imagine); and the all-powerful influence of this noble lady is now used against the struggling artist who is united to you by the sacred ties of kindred. Be it so. I can fight my way upward, my lord, as other men have done before me. A day may yet come when the throng of carriages waiting at the door of the fashionable portrait painter will include her ladyship's vehicle, and bring me the tardy expression of her ladyship's regret. I refer you, my Lord Lydiard, to that day!"

Having read Mr. Tollmidge's formidable assertions relating to herself for the second time, Lady Lydiard's meditations came to an abrupt end. She rose, took the letters in both hands to tear them up, hesitated, and threw them back into the cabinet drawer in which she had discovered them, among other papers that had not been arranged since Lord Lydiard's death.

"The idiot!" said her ladyship, thinking of Mr. Tollmidge. "I never even heard of him in my husband's lifetime; I never even knew that he was really related to Lord Lydiard, till I found his letters. What is to be done next?"

She looked, as she put that question to herself, at an open newspaper thrown on the table, which announced the death of "that accomplished artist, Mr. Tollmidge, related, it is said, to the late well-known connoisseur, Lord Lydiard." In the next sentence the writer of the obituary notice deplored the destitute condition of Mrs. Tollmidge and her children, "thrown helpless on the mercy of the world." Lady Lydiard stood by the table, with her eyes on those lines, and saw but too plainly the direction in which they pointed—the direction of her check book.

Turning toward the fireplace, she rang the bell. "I can do nothing in this matter," she thought to herself, "until I know whether the report about Mrs. Tollmidge and her family is to be depended on. Has Moody come back?" she asked, when the servant appeared at the door. "Moody" (otherwise her ladyship's steward) had not come back. Lady Lydiard dismissed the subject of the artist's widow from further consideration until the steward returned, and gave her mind to a question of domestic interest which lay nearer to her heart. Her favorite dog had been ailing for some time past, and no report of him had reached her that morning. She opened a door near the fireplace, which led, through a little corridor hung with rare prints, to her own boudoir. "Isabel!" she called out, "how is Tommie?"

A fresh young voice answered from behind the curtain which closed the farther end of the corridor. "No better, my lady."

A low growl followed the fresh young voice, and added (in dog's language), "Much worse, my lady—much worse!"

Lady Lydiard closed the door again, with a compassionate sigh for Tommie, and walked slowly to and fro in her spacious drawing room, waiting for the steward's return.

Accurately described, Lord Lydiard's widow was short and fat, and perilously near her sixtieth birthday. But it may be said, without paying a compliment, that she looked younger than her age by ten years at least. Her complexion was of that delicate pink tinge which is sometimes seen in old women with well-preserved constitutions. Her eyes (equally well-preserved) were of that hard light-blue color which wears well, and does not wash out when tried by the test of tears. Add to this her short nose, her plump cheeks that set wrinkles at defiance, her white hair dressed in stiff little curls, and, if a doll could grow old, Lady Lydiard at sixty would have been the living image of that doll, taking life easily on its journey downward to the prettiest of tombs, in a burial ground where the myrtles and roses grew all the year round.

These being her ladyship's personal merits, impartial history must acknowledge, on the list of her defects, a total want of tact and taste in her attire. The lapse of time since Lord Lydiard's death had left her at liberty to dress as she pleased. She arranged her short, clumsy figure in colors that were far too bright for a woman of her age. Her dresses, badly chosen as to their hues, were perhaps not badly made, but were certainly badly worn. Morally, as well as physically, it must be said of Lady Lydiard that her outward side was her worst side. The anomalies of her dress were matched by the anomalies of her character. There were moments when she felt and spoke as became a lady of rank, and there were other moments when she felt and spoke as might have become the cook in the kitchen. Beneath these superficial inconsistencies the great heart, the essentially true and generous nature of the woman, only waited the sufficient occasion to assert themselves. In the trivial intercourse of society she was open to ridicule on every side of her. But when a serious emergency tried the metal of which she was really made, the people who were loudest in laughing at her stood aghast, and wondered what had become of the familiar companion of their every-day lives.

Her lady-ship's promenade had lasted but a little while, when a man in black clothing presented himself noiselessly at the great door which opened on the staircase. Lady Lydiard signed to him impatiently to enter the room.

"I have been expecting you for some time, Moody," she said. "You look tired. Take a chair."

The man in black bowed respectfully, and took his seat.

CHAPTER II.

Robert Moody was at this time nearly forty years of age. He was a shy, quiet, dark person, with a pale, closely shaven face, agreeably animated by large black eyes set deep in their orbits. His mouth was perhaps his best feature; he had firm, well-shaped lips, which softened on rare occasions into a particularly winning smile. The whole look of the man, in spite of his habitual reserve, declared him to be eminently trustworthy. His position in Lady Lydiard's household was in no sense of the menial sort. He acted as her almoner and secretary as well as her steward—distributed her charities, wrote her letters on business, paid her bills, engaged her servants, stocked her wine cellar, was authorized to borrow books from her library, and was served with his meals in his own room. His parentage gave him claims to these special favors: he was by birth entitled to rank as a gentleman. His father had failed at a time of commercial panic as a country banker, had paid a good dividend, and had died in exile abroad, a broken-hearted man. Robert had tried to hold his place in the world, but adverse fortune kept him down. Undeserved disaster followed him from one employment to another, until he abandoned the struggle, bade a last farewell to the pride of other days, and accepted the position considerately and delicately offered to him in Lady Lydiard's house. He had now no near relations living, and he had never made many friends. In the intervals of occupation he led a lonely life in his little room. It was a matter of secret wonder among the women in the servants' hall, considering his personal advantages and the opportunities which must surely have been thrown in his way, that he had never tempted fortune in the character of a married man. Robert Moody entered into no explanations on that subject. In his own sad and quiet way he continued to lead his own sad and quiet life. The women all failing, from the handsome housekeeper downward, to make the smallest impression on him, consoled themselves by prophetic visions of the future relations with the sex, and predicted vindictively that "his time would come."

"Well," said Lady Lydiard, "and what have you done?"

"Your ladyship seemed to be anxious about the dog," Moody answered, in the low tone which was habitual to him. "I went first to the veterinary surgeon. He has been called away into the country; and——"

Lady Lydiard waved away the conclusion of the sentence with her hand.

"Never mind the surgeon. We must find somebody else. Where did you go next?"

"To your ladyship's lawyer. Mr. Troy wished me to say that he will have the pleasure of waiting on you——"

"Pass over the lawyer, Moody. I want to know about the painter's widow. Is it true that Mrs. Tollmidge and her family are left in helpless poverty?"

"Not quite true, my lady. I have seen the clergyman of the parish, who takes an interest in the case——"

Lady Lydiard interrupted her steward for the third time:

"You have not mentioned my name?" she asked, sharply.

"Certainly not, my lady. I followed my instructions, and described you as a benevolent person in search of cases of real distress. It is quite true that Mr. Tollmidge has died, leaving nothing to his family. But the widow has a little income of £70 in her own right."

"Is that enough to live on, Moody?" her ladyship asked.

"Enough, in this case, for the widow and her daughter," Moody answered. "The difficulty is to pay the few debts left standing, and to start the two sons in life. They are reported to be steady lads; and the family is much respected in the neighborhood. The clergyman proposes to get a few influential names to begin with, and to start a subscription."

"No subscription!" protested Lady Lydiard. Mr. Tollmidge was Lord Lydiard's cousin, and Mrs. Tollmidge is related to his lordship by marriage. It would be degrading to my husband's memory to have the begging-box sent round for his relations, no matter how distant they may be. Cousins!" exclaimed her ladyship, suddenly descending from the lofty ranges of sentiment to the low. "I hate the very name of them! A person who is near enough to me to be my relation and far enough off from me to be my sweetheart is a double-faced sort of person that I don't like. Let's get back to the widow and her sons. How much do they want?"

"A subscription of £500, my lady, would provide for everything—if it could only be collected."

"It *shall* be collected, Moody! I will pay the subscription out of my own purse." Having asserted herself in those noble terms, she spoiled the effect of her own outburst of generosity by dropping to the sordid view of the subject in her next sentence. "Five hundred pounds is a good bit of money, though; isn't it, Moody?"

"It is indeed, my lady." Rich and generous as he knew his mistress to be, her proposal to pay the whole subscription took the steward by surprise. Lady Lydiard's quick perception instantly detected what was passing in his mind.

"You don't quite understand my position in this matter," she said. "When I read the newspaper notice of Mr. Tollmidge's death, I searched among his lordship's papers to see if they really were related. I discovered some letters from Mr. Tollmidge, which showed me that he and Lord Lydiard were cousins. One of those letters contains some very painful statements, reflecting most untruly and unjustly on my conduct—lies, in short," her ladyship burst out, losing her dignity, as usual. "Lies, Moody, for which Mr. Tollmidge deserved to be horsewhipped. I would have done it myself if his lordship had told me at the time. No matter; it's useless to dwell on the thing now," she continued, ascending again to the forms of expression which became a lady of rank. "This unhappy man has done me a gross injustice; my motives may be seriously misjudged if I appear personally in communicating with his family. If I relieve them anonymously in their present trouble, I spare them the exposure of a public subscription, and I do what I believe his lordship would have done himself if he had lived. My desk is on the other table. Bring it here, Moody, and let me return good for evil, while I'm in the humor for it."

Moody obeyed in silence. Lady Lydiard wrote a check.

"Take that to the banker's and bring back a £500 note," she said. "I'll inclose it to the clergyman as coming from 'an unknown friend.' And be quick about it. I am only a fallible mortal, Moody. Don't leave me time enough to take the stingy view of £500."

Moody went out with the check. No delay was to be apprehended in obtaining the money; the banking house was hard by, in St. James street. Left alone, Lady Lydiard decided on occupying her mind in the generous direction by composing her anonymous letter to the clergyman. She had just taken a sheet of note paper from her desk when a servant appeared at the door, announcing a visitor:

"Mr. Felix Sweetsir."

CHAPTER III.

"My nephew?" Lady Lydiard exclaimed, in a tone which expressed astonishment, but certainly not pleasure as well. "How many years is it since you and I last met?" she asked, in her abruptly straightforward way, as Mr. Felix Sweetsir approached her writing table.

The visitor was not a person easily discouraged. He took Lady Lydiard's hand, and kissed it with easy grace. A shade of irony was in his manner, agreeably relieved by a playful flash of tenderness.

"Years, my dear aunt?" he said. "Look in your glass, and you will see that time has stood still since we met last. How wonderfully well you wear! When shall we celebrate the appearance of your first wrinkle? I am too old; I shall never live to see it."

He took an easy chair, uninvited, placed himself close at his aunt's side, and ran his eye over her ill-chosen dress with an air of satirical admiration. "How perfectly successful!" he said, with his well-bred insolence. "What a chaste gayety of color!"

"What do you want?" asked her ladyship, not in the least softened by the compliment.

"I want to pay my respects to my dear aunt," Felix answered, perfectly impenetrable to his ungracious reception, and perfectly comfortable in a spacious armchair.

No pen-and-ink portrait need surely be drawn of Felix Sweetsir—he is too well-known a picture in society. The little, lithe man, with his bright, restless eyes, and his long iron-gray hair falling in curls to his shoulders; his airy step and his cordial manner; his uncertain age, his innumerable accomplishments, and his unbounded popularity—is he not familiar everywhere and welcome everywhere? How gratefully he receives, how prodigally he repays, the cordial appreciation of an admiring world! Every man he knows is "a charming fellow." Every woman he sees is "sweetly pretty." What picnics he gives on the banks of the Thames in the summer season! What a well-earned little income he derives from the whist table! What an inestimable actor he is at private theatricals of all sorts (weddings included)! Did you never read Sweetsir's novel, dashed off in the intervals of curative perspiration at a German bath? Then you don't know what brilliant fiction really is. He has never written a second work; he does everything, and only does it once. One song—the despair of professional composers. One picture—just to show how easily a gentleman can take up an art and drop it again. A really multiform man, with all the graces and all the accomplishments scintillating perpetually at his fingers' ends. If these poor pages have achieved nothing else, they have done a service to persons not in society by presenting them to Sweetsir. In his gracious company the narrative brightens; and writer and reader (catching reflected brilliancy) understand each other at last, thanks to Sweetsir.

"Well," said Lady Lydiard, "now you are here, what have you got to say for yourself? You have been abroad, of course. Where?"

"Principally at Paris, my dear aunt. The only place that is fit to live in—for this excellent reason, that the French are the only people who know how to make the most of life. One has relations and friends in England; and every now and then one returns to London——"

"When one has spent all one's money in Paris," her lady-ship interposed. "That's what you were going to say, isn't it?"

"When one has spent all one's money in Paris," her ladyship interposed.

Felix submitted to the interruption with his delightful good humor.

"What a bright creature you are!" he exclaimed. "What would I not give for your flow of spirits! Yes; one does spend money in Paris, as you say. The clubs, the stock exchange, the race course; you try your luck here, there, and everywhere; and you lose and win, win and lose, and you haven't a dull day to complain of." He paused, his smile died away, he looked inquiringly at Lady Lydiard. "What a wonderful existence yours must be!" he resumed. "The everlasting question with your needy fellow-creatures, 'Where am I to get money?' is a question that has never passed your lips. Enviable woman!" He paused once more, surprised and puzzled this time. "What is the matter, my dear aunt? You seem to be suffering under some uneasiness."

"I am suffering under your conversation," her ladyship answered, sharply. "Money is a sore subject with me just now," she went on, with her eyes on her nephew, watching the effect of what she said. "I have spent five hundred pounds this morning with a scrape of my pen. And only a week since I yielded to temptation, and made an addition to my picture gallery." She looked, as she said those words, towards an archway at the farther end of the room, closed by curtains of purple velvet. "I really tremble when I think of what that one picture cost me before I could call it mine. A landscape by Hobbema; and the National Gallery bidding against me. Never mind!" she concluded, consoling herself, as usual, with considerations that were beneath her. "Hobbema will sell at my death for a bigger price than I gave for him—that's one comfort!" She looked again at Felix; a smile of mischievous satisfaction began to show itself in her face. Anything wrong with your watch chain?" she asked.

Felix, absently playing with his watch chain, started as if his aunt had suddenly awakened him. While Lady Lydiard had been speaking his vivacity had subsided little by little, and had left him looking so serious and so old that his most intimate friend would hardly have known him again. Roused by the sudden question that had been put to him, he seemed to be casting about in his mind in search of the first excuse for his silence that might turn up. "I was wondering," he began, "why I miss something when I look round this beautiful room; something familiar, you know, that I fully expected to find here."

"Tommie?" suggested Lady Lydiard, still watching her nephew as maliciously as ever.

"That's it," cried Felix, seizing his excuse, and rallying his spirits. "Why don't I hear Tommie snarling behind me? Why don't I feel Tommie's teeth in my trousers?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SURPLUS	2,757,491 62
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